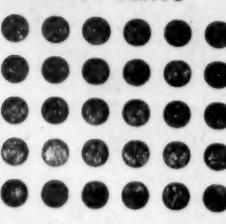


, Nov. 7, Mrs. Betsey Stearns, aged Paris, Nov. 6, Mrs. Charlotte, wife of Curtis. Gorham, Nov. 9, Mrs. Caroline M. E. Jordan, aged 65 years, 11 months. Nov. 10, Lucy A. McDonald, aged 3 months. Old Town, Nov. 12, Bea Simon aged 1 year. Nov. 17, Mrs. Louisa H. Libby, widow of the late Hon. Artemas Libby, aged 70 years.

ERTY FIVE CENTS



BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

Vol. LXIV.

Maine Farmer.

At the World's Fair the average amount of butter realized from each 100 pounds of butter fat found in the whole milk was 117.5 pounds. "Approximate equivalent in butter" are the terms used in expressing it by the association of American Agricultural Colleges.

"Shall I sell my potatoes (at the going low price) or feed them?" Sell them every time, if a market can be found. Compared with other stock food articles potatoes cannot be worth feeding more than seven or eight cents a bushel.

A good Holstein cow is that owned by the State College farm. She gave over 8000 pounds of five per cent milk the past year. Four hundred pounds of butter fat is a good record. No one can tell the exact amount of butter her milk will have made.

At the annual meeting of the Brockton (Mass.) fair the report of the Treasurer showed a net balance, at the last exhibition, of \$16,317. This is better than our State Fair did. But then, Brockton has a far denser population to draw from, and made up of a very different class of people.

The highways been looked after before the final freezing up? Nothing is so costly as letting alone a good road. This is one of the greatest defects in our country road system. Useless to talk about Macadamized roads until we learn to put in practice the first principles involved in the care of the roads we now have.

AT THE STATE COLLEGE.

Accepting an invitation from President Harris of the State College to visit that institution, witness something of the work it is doing, and note the improvements made thus far from the funds appropriated for the purpose at the last session of our legislature, we recently spent a day in that very agreeable manner.

We fear there are still many people in our State who are not aware of the extensive provisions for educational work now found on the college campus, and which have been so freely provided by the State. Though from time to time the necessity for economy in State expenditures has been so forcibly impressed upon some individual legislators that the full needs of the institution met a measure of opposition, yet when the limited population and valuation of the State is taken into the account, it is easily seen that the State has on the whole dealt generously by it, and that through its successive appropriations it has finally equipped an institution in which every citizen may well have a pride, and one which so long as well managed cannot fail of filling a place in the educational work of the State, that will return a thousand fold for the investment.

Attendance on the morning chapel service gave full assurance that the days of a dearth of students had passed by. It was truly a gratifying sight to see upwards of two hundred students in their seats and all in attendance at the present time. Two hundred and fifty are enrolled on the catalogue. These are all that the present room at the institution can possibly accommodate, and too, as many as desirable to congregate together at one institution. In fact, a large part of the appropriation for the institution made last winter, was for the purpose of providing additional facilities for giving instruction to the largely increased numbers now in attendance. As it now is the rooms assigned to the different departments of instruction have been divided up and concentrated till every nook and corner is filled to its utmost holding capacity, and with every professor and instructor is compelled to work to the full limit of time at his command. This plethora of students is most gratifying, since it shows, first, the call for such an institution, and, second, that it is fulfilling the work for which it was instituted.

The recent fire in the laboratory greatly disarranged the work in chemistry. Temporary quarters, however, have been crowded into other parts of the building for the present, so that the classes are again at their work. The loss was necessarily covered by the insurance. It is quite likely, though, that in the reconstruction of that wing of the building another story will be added, as for some time contemplated. This probably will increase the cost of reconstruction some what above the insurance.

The poultry plant, to be connected with the farm, and which was provided for last winter, will not be constructed till another year. The purpose is to have a herd of 800 lbs. more getting from these same seven weeks. I also fed it to a horse surprised at the gain in weight on this horse. The movements are facts, and as I made no change in feeds I must admit did the work. Yours truly, D. C. SINCLAIR.

Brewer, Me., July 10, 1895.
D. Carpenter.
Last fall I commenced feeding twelve to seven of my milk cows to the same kind and amount of forage, only adding a little extra grain. Had increased weight on these same seven weeks. I also fed it to a horse surprised at the gain in weight on this horse. The movements are facts, and as I made no change in feeds I must admit did the work. Yours truly, D. C. SINCLAIR.

Brewer, Me., July 12, 1895.
D. Carpenter.
I used your Nutritone last week and found it cleaned them up, when everything else failed. After two weeks I should say I increase of a quart or more, and what was claimed for it. Yours truly, D. C. SINCLAIR.

TRI-O-TONE.
Salve tonic for Farm Animals.
HORLEY FOOD CO.
D. Carpenter, Pres't.
Office, CHICAGO, ILL.
Ill. N.Y.

Assignee of His Appointment, in the county of Kennebec, and the eleventh day of November, 1895. Assignee of the estate of TOTHY MARONEY late of Augusta, in said county of Kennebec, insolvent Debtor, who has been appointed by the court to be the assignee of the insolvency of the estate of Kennebec. C. W. JONES, Assignee.

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EDWARD COUNTY... In Probate Court of Augusta, on the second Monday of November, 1895. LYNCH, Administrator on the TOTHY MARONEY late of Augusta, deceased, having presented his account, and having been sworn upon the Court of Insolvency for said deceased. G. T. STEVENS, Judge.

EDWARD OWEN, Register.



"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum, in Advance.

No. 4.

MENTS and in the dairy building. This is a matter of the greatest importance in that it not only is a saving in cost, but also modernizes and brings down to date the whole equipment. Nothing of like cost has ever done so much. With its great practical utility at the same time, it affords opportunity for the class in electrical engineering to study and become familiar with an electrical plant at work.

Three dynamics of as many different sizes are to be used. A new Hamilton Corliss engine of sixty-horse power, with an eighty-horse power Heine boiler furnishes the power to run them. At the same time they also run all the machinery of the work shop.

Heretofore the college has never been provided with a business office. The President has been obliged to use his own private study for an office, while the Treasurer has been located down town. Now a roomy office for both the President and Treasurer has been finished and furnished in the basement of Coburn Hall, which affords very satisfactory quarters for conducting the business transactions of the college, now greatly increased over former years by the larger number of students in attendance. This was a much needed improvement, and has been provided at comparatively small outlay. All persons having business with either the official head of the institution, or with its Treasurer, now know where it is to be done.

The more than doubling the number of students in attendance at the college rendered the small quarters set apart in a corner of the library for a reading room entirely inadequate for that purpose. Accordingly the large and well lighted room adjoining the library, formerly used for physical apparatus and work in physics, has been fitted for a library reading room. The office of the Librarian has also been removed to this room. This change leaves room in the library proper for that enlargement of shelf room called for by additions to the library provided for by the legislature.

Improvements on the campus, in the way of grading, planting and ornamenting, have been going on for two or three years past, as means in hand would allow. Nothing was more needed. The plan is now nearly completed, the last being a new driveway and lawn in front of the President's house, and which only remain, the one to be seeded and the other to be gravelled. Many trees have been set out, groups of shrubbery planted. Time, however, will be needed to bring out the full effect of these designs. Much more time is to be given in the future to the care and the keeping of these adornments and their surroundings.

A large and elegant Chapter House has been erected the past summer on the college grounds, on the height of land near the river side of the street—a beautiful location and a fine structure—and is to be occupied by one of the secret societies as a club house.

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EDWARD OWEN, Register.

the farm should now be preparing to take advantage of the opportunities offered.

THE DAIRYMEN'S MEETING.

Our readers concerned in dairy matters noted of course the announcement last week of the annual dairymen's meeting to be held at Norway, Thursday and Friday of next week. The interest in these meetings is increasing from year to year, as the importance of the work there brought out is better understood and more widely appreciated. But there is always room for more. Wish every dairyman, and every proprietor and operator of a creamery in the State could be brought together on the occasion. There is room for them all to make further and continuous study of the problems and intricacies surrounding this important business, on the farm, at the factory and in the market. There is still too much indifference on the part of all hands. There is, too, in the co-operative business altogether too little of sympathy and, therefore, of intimacy between the proprietor and the patron of the business. Their interests are mutual. Hence they should work together with mutual efforts to build up, perfect and conduct the business on the basis of securing the best possible results and meting out justice to all concerned. It is in this way alone that the business can stand and continue an advantage to all concerned. It does not answer for the private dairyman to settle down with the conclusion that he has arrived to the limit of knowledge in the business. Neither will it do for the factory operator to feel that he knows it all. Nor should the proprietor of a factory conduct the business as though his patrons had no rights he was holden to respect. All should come together at the convention with the view to learning the advance knowledge of the day on all these matters. It can only be done by coming together. That is just what the convention is for. The proprietors need to know what the market wants. The operators should study to know how to make it. The farmers want to learn what is required of them. We trust there will be a large assemblage of all these parties concerned at Norway. Especially should the operators of the factories—those who make the butter, be there. There are too many of these operators who have not mastered the business. It may be a little rough to say so, but they need to take lessons from each other's work. None have advanced to a stage of knowledge where there is not still room to learn.

MISLEADING.

Farmers are continually called upon to exercise a keen judgment over information sent out for their benefit, even though coming from high places.

J. G. Smith, assistant agrostologist to the department of agriculture at Washington, has this to say for our benefit, it ought to be in regard to a well known fodder

plant.

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MISSING.

The refrigerating machine which is the motive-power of this interesting process of chemistry is a monstrous affair.

The largest machine of its class in existence, its huge mechanism performing the same amount of work in freezing as thirty carloads of ice a day, and at a far less expense, and a much greater convenience of arrangement, and from this comparison one can judge of the size and capabilities of this wonderful piece of mechanism.

The liquid ammonia is forced through a small pipe, which opens into a larger one by means of a tiny hole through which the ammonia is sprayed.

The sudden precipitation into a larger space transforms the liquor into vapor, and evaporated ammonia has a temperature of about thirty degrees below zero.

August Ice and Snow.

The pipes where the ammonia becomes a vapor are so much colder than the rest

of the machine room that they are loaded with ice continually, just as the intense cold of a winter's day encrusts the window panes with thick frost.

It is necessary, frequently to clear the pipes of the accumulating ice which clogs them, and the ice is thrown into the street at the rear of the building. Some street gamins were arrested one hot day this summer for making themselves obnoxious to passers-by, and when brought up in court answered the charge against them was snow-balling people in the streets.

As all Boston was perspiring under the excessive heat at the time, the court was rather amused at the charge, until the boys explained that their ammunition came from the storage warehouse near their homes.

Cold Better Than Pickle.

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INDIAN CORN CULTURE.

The above is the title of a book of 243 pages, written by Professor C. S. Plumb, Director of the Indiana Experiment Station, and published by the Breeder's Gazette, Chicago. It is a singular fact that though corn exceeds in value in this country all other grains put together, yet up to the appearance of this volume we have had no treatise on its culture. As might be expected from the relations of the author of this work, it is more a compilation of what others have learned, known and written than a record of the knowledge acquired by himself of the subject of which he treats. The work, however, is none the less valuable for this. The author has drawn together what is known of this greatest of American cereals, history, botany, varieties, manures, tillage, planting, harvesting, chemical composition, feeding value, and methods of preserving for use. All this matter is packed in lime to exclude the air, which it does to a certain extent but not wholly. The tendency of the yolk of the egg is to rise to the shell on being kept any length of time, and once reaching the shell, is spoiled, because the shell is porous and what air has penetrated the lime reaches the yolk. So when eggs are packed in lime it is sometimes necessary to reverse their position once in a certain length of time in order to prevent the yolk reaching the shell. In cold storage the white of the egg is chilled and thickened, which keeps the yolk stationary, and the egg is thus kept in a state of preservation for six or eight months.

Iced Sundries.

Comparatively few city dealers sell really fresh eggs, and in winter when

they are scarce it is next to impossible

to get fresh laid eggs in the city. Cold storage or limed eggs are used almost wholly. A very practical use for cold storage is the advantage it offers for storing furs and woolen clothing of all sorts during the warm weather, thus avoiding all bother from camphor or other more or less efficacious moth-destroyers, for nothing in the insect line can exist in a temperature of twenty degrees below zero. Young trees and plants are often sent to the cold storage warehouse where they are frozen hard as blocks of stone and kept this way in perfectly good condition until the following summer or fall. This is true not only of fowl but of all sorts of gamefowl, partridge, ducks, geese, woodcock, pigeons, etc. By this process, also, fruit of all kinds is obtainable out of season; pears can be had in early summer, apples can be bought in the spring, when they can be procured in no other way, and so on.

It is a practical means of supplying the market with provisions that would otherwise be unobtainable.

FROZEN FOOD.

How Country Produce is Kept Fresh in a Cold Storage Warehouse.

Not only the spring chicken but all fowl destined for the market, are most of them sent fresh-killed to the cold storage warehouse where they are frozen hard as blocks of stone and kept this way in perfectly good condition until the following summer or fall. This is true not only of fowl but of all sorts of gamefowl, partridge, ducks, geese, woodcock, pigeons, etc.

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FARMERS' INSTITUTES.

The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture has arranged the following institutes:

Knox Co. at West Rockport, Friday, Nov. 29, and Washington, Saturday, Nov. 30. Cumberland Co. at Cumberland Ct., Saturday, Dec. 7. Oxford Co. at East Hebron, Monday, Dec. 9. Androscoggin Co. at South Lewiston, Tuesday, Dec. 10. Sagadahoc Co. at Bowdoin Ct., Wednesday, Dec. 11, and at Harpswell Ct., Thursday, Dec. 12. Kennebec Co. at Pittston, Friday, Dec. 13. Prof. G. M. Gowell of Orono will visit Lincoln county with the Secretary, and speak upon the subject of "Stock Breeding."

Prof. F. L. Harvey of Orono, and Dr. G. M. Twitchell of Augusta will accompany the Secretary into Knox county, the former taking "Injurious Insects and the Most Harmful Weeds," and the latter "Poultry," for their themes.

The method of refrigeration which is done by the action of evaporating ammonia is a most effective substitute for the employment of ice for freezing purposes, and the perfection of the process is exceedingly interesting as described by the *Boston Transcript*. Just outside of Little Italy stands a big building, one of a number of such in Boston, which is devoted to the uses of "cold storage," as it is called. In this building are hundreds of rooms which are kept at various stages of freezing temperature, according to the needs of all kinds of food, from fifteen to twenty degrees below zero, and are left and tested again in twelve hours more; if they are found good, are left standing for twelve hours more, or thirty-six hours from time of taking samples. It is a practical means of supplying the market with provisions that would otherwise be unobtainable.

PROTECTION WANTED.

The Secretary of Agriculture has arranged the following institutes:

Knox Co. at West Rockport, Friday,

Choice Miscellany.

WINGS.

Wings that flutter in sunny air;
Wings that dive and dip and dare;
Wings of the humming bird flashing by;
Wings of the lark in the purple sky;
Wings of the eagle, albatross;
Wings of the pigeons upon the roof;
Wing of the storm bird swift and free;
With wild wings sweeping across the sea;
Often and often a voice in me sings—
O, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!
O, to winnow the air with wings!
O, to float far above mortal things!

Braving the storm, the tempest, the frost—
Daring the arrow to fly and forget;

To touch in a moment the mountain's crest;
Or hasten to the home and rest;

To rock with the pine tree as wild birds may;

To follow the sailor a summer's day,

Or the sun's heat melt the snow;

O, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

—Mary F. Butts, in *Youth's Companion*.

TANK WATER AND FILTRATION.

If You Live in an Apartment, Read and Profit by This Story.

An experience in an apartment house. In this city a few weeks ago served for an excellent text for the lecture of an expert sanitarian on the filtration of water.

Lack of force in the Croton main during the day necessitates a tank on the roof, and pumping once a day, a not uncommon necessity in many portions of our city. The big round box-like structures seen so often on the roofs of flats, as one flies by on the elevated train, are these obnoxious features of our water system.

The apartment house in question has one of these affairs, and one of the long-suffering tenants determined to find out why every short while the water ran muddy, and unfit to use. Investigation revealed the tank to have no outlet to the sewer, only the overflow pipe at the top. It was thus impossible to clean the tank, except through the service pipes. Of course, this was never done, and the oldest inhabitant in the house could not say when there had ever been a long period of freedom from the muddy water.

The tank was found to have a layer of many inches of mud at the bottom, accumulations and sediment of years' standing. A plumber put in a connection with the waste service in the house, and a stop-cock, and now the tank is cleaned out once a week. But—and here comes in one of those evidences of human stupidity and ignorance—the janitor was seen one day to use the same broom with which he sweeps the cellar and street for cleaning out the tank. Imagination needs no aid to figure what might or might not be on that broom, from tuberculous bacilli to every other microbe found in dust.

Here was a greater problem to solve than that of the plumber's part of the difficulty. To educate the janitor was the one remedy. Could one have chosen a more difficult task? A new broom and a lecture administered occasionally served, with the watchful eye of the disgusted tenant, to keep off a repetition of the old-broom service, but human nature clings to a habit, and the new broom was soon as full of street dirt as the old one. Finally only flushing was urged, and that remains the method.

To make sure of safety, boiling the water is resorted to, and should be the invincible practice of every house dependent upon a tank. Filtering water is a very uncertain method. It must be done so slowly that not only by a mere oozing through a very deep sand-bed or an almost impervious stone, can there be a surety of the infinitesimal plants being kept back.

Filters consisting of sand, animal charcoal, wire cloth, filter paper, etc., do not afford protection against any unhealthy qualities which there may be in the water. They clarify a turbid water, but obnoxious intruders are able to squeeze through in large numbers. If a household filter is scientifically planned and intelligently managed, and positive assurance is given of its correct action, these household filters may be a wise precaution, but "a great danger lies in the domestic filter," says Prof. Lankester, who has made searching investigations and careful experiment, "by reason of the filtering material being used over and over again, thus, unless it is properly sterilized, becoming a regular field for germ propagation, and, passing into the water, making it worse than it was before."

Filters of whatever kind need to be handled with intelligent care, and should not be left to ignorant servants to clean. Sterilizing the filtering material should be done every time it is cleaned.—N. Y. Times.

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE.

We Saw Her, He Heard Her and He Left Her.

"Could I see the lady of the house?" asked one of the boldest and brashest of the bold aged grid after he had tripped nimbly up the steps of a Detroit dwelling, and had brought a small, delicate woman to the door by a vigorous pull of the bell.

"I guess you kin see her if you ain't blind," she said calmly. "She's standin' right before you at the present time and anything you hav' to say to her must be said right where she stands, for you don't get into this house to nebba leave disease behind you after goin' into all sorts of places, as you agents do. I've read that that's one way so many contagious diseases git spread and I ain't doubt but it's true. We had a nine weeks' siege of scarlet fever in this house, and it broke out just eight days after we'd been fool enough to buy a book of an agent, and I always did believe and always will believe that it come into the house along with that book, for it had pictures in it and all the children handled it, so they did, and I'll go to my grave believin' that we got the disease that way and I burnt the blamed book up in the furnace, although it was like lockin' the stable after the horse was stolen, but then it won't be exposin' any other children to the disease, for I wouldn't be willing to infect a thing of that sort on my worst enemy. You may think I'm lying, but I wouldn't, and if I—"

"But, madam—" The price of the things we had to burn up and destroy would have paid for fifty good books at a bookstore, where they wouldn't have been alive with disease germs and where a body'd know what they was gittin'. It stands to reason that you agents who are out

and in everywhere must be exposed to disease ev'ry day of your lives, and Pd thank you to stand a little farther back from the door, particularly as the wind is blowing this way, for if diphtheria or anything of that sort should break out in the house any time within a week I'd feel dead sure you fetched it here and I'd sue you just as sure as it did, for I can—goin', are you? You might as well, and if I was I'd engage in some work in which I'd feel I wasn't endangering precious human lives by scattering pestilence over the earth. I would!"—Detroit Free Press.

IN CINNAMON GARDENS.
Feeling the Bark and Preparing it for Market.

We were fortunate in the time of our visit, which was made in May, just a commencement of the peeling season, and we were therefore afforded the opportunity of seeing how cinnamon is prepared for the market. The tree, which is known as the cinnamon laurel, in its natural state grows to the height of forty feet; and we were told it is very plentiful in the forests and jungles in certain parts of Ceylon, where it is apparently indigenous. The shoots from which the sticks of cinnamon are obtained with which we are familiar seldom grow to a greater height than fifteen feet. As our guide informed us, they are cut down to the stump every year, and a new crop of saplings springs up in their place. The young leaves of the cinnamon laurel are at first of a vivid scarlet color, but assume a dark green hue when the berries, which develop from small white flowers, have ripened. These berries are of a brown or purple color and a fragrant oil is obtained from them by the natives with which they anoint their bodies. Wax tapers are also made from the berries, which are used in the temples of the Buddhists.

Freddie—Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes?

Mother—Yes, my boy.

Freddie—Then why did pa put a button in the missionary box?

Statistics show that more people die of consumption than from any other cause. Slight colds are the true seeds of consumption. Beware of the slight cough. Adamson's Botanic Balsam stands without a peer. Trial size only 10 cents.

CASEY—"P'hat made Mulligan fall off de ladder? Did his fit slip?"

RELLY—"It did not. Ol told him a joke an hour ago and he just now tumbled."

If the hair is falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Skin Hair renewer is just the specific.

Freddie—Ma, didn't the missionary say that the savages didn't wear any clothes?

Mother—Yes, my boy.

Freddie—Then why did pa put a button in the missionary box?

It is not surprising that the eastern nations look upon Englishmen as lunatics. They do so many foohardy things from no apparent motive save to risk their lives. Two years ago an English naval lieutenant was here visiting a neighboring planter and his peculiar craze was making a collection of Javan reptiles. His only attendant was an English sailor lad about sixteen, and these two, along with a warning to the country where irrigation is practiced. By the use of this apparatus, which is quite simple and comparatively inexpensive, the farmer can accurately determine what crop is best adapted to the soil of each field and thus make his labor and investment count for the most in results.

From a series of experiments conducted the past summer Prof. Whitney has practically demonstrated that when a pasture land shows less than 13 per cent. of moisture, it has reached the danger line and a devastating drought is imminent.

NEW MONITOR READY.

MONADNOCK. Twenty Years a-Building Tried at San Francisco.

Steam was raised in the monitor Monadnock last week and the vessel given a dock trial at Mare Island to test her machinery. The warship will be entirely completed and ready to put into commission within a month. All that is lacking now are some minor parts of the gun mounts, which are on the way from the east.

The Monadnock has been building for twenty years and more, her keel having been laid in 1874. The old Monadnock had done good work during the rebellion and in 1866 she was sent to Valparaiso during the Spanish troubles in Chili. When things quieted in the latter country the monitor was ordered to the Mare Island navy yard, and she came to San Francisco in convoy of the Vanderbilt.

The Monadnock is a double-turreted monitor and will carry two four-inch guns in each turret. Her secondary armament will consist of Hotchkiss and Gatling guns. She will carry from 180 to 200 men. The big rifles have been fitted on the monitor will not be made until the vessel has been ordered into commission. When she goes to sea she will have on board all her men and stores. No officer has yet been assigned to the command of the Monadnock.

The old Monadnock was dismantled at Monadnock ways. Her turrets were removed and her timbers have been cut up into relics of former glory.

FALCONRY IN ASIA.

Eagles Used for Capturing Foxes, Gazelles and Even Deer.

The exhibition at Tashkend in 1891 included a department of the chase, in which the most distinguished falcon teams of Turkistan figured prominently. The khan of Khiva was an exhibitor and was represented by his best birds and his most skillful falconers. Instead of allotting the prizes, according to the most usual plan, to the best-looking birds, matches were instituted and the relative merits of the competing birds was determined by the test of what they could do. I had an opportunity on this occasion to make a thorough study of the technical details of a sport which I had already practiced under different circumstances.

Such large birds as the eagle are trained for falconry in Turkistan, and are used for the capture of foxes, gazelles, antelopes, and even, it is said, deer. They are so heavy that the falconer is not able to carry them on his arm alone, and has to support it on a wooden prop, the base of which is attached to his saddle.

There are certain people who have some control power over snakes. We have here an Indian coolie who is immune from a blow on the head. He is harmless, and yet a terror to his countrymen, and he always has one or more venomous serpents about his person, and these he will handle and grieve to the hour.

He is the only party of the body found was the lower jaw-bone. All the rest had been digested.

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IVORY SOAP

99 4/100 PURE

At all grocery stores two sizes of Ivory Soap are sold; one that costs five cents a cake, and a larger size. The larger cake is the more convenient and economical for laundry and general household use. If your Grocer is out of it, insist on his getting it for you.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

Woman's Department.

"JOHN DID NO MIRACLES."

A man grows in culture, he grows in repose. This is probably because of an increasing consciousness of strength, for the strong men are the subdued men. What I mean is, that the men who stamped a real character upon little New England town where you were born, the men who left an inheritance of stability in your native village church, were not boisterous and self-assertive men. They did neither strive nor glory, neither were their voices heard in the street. Their gentleness hath made them great. The reason Wendell Phillips was always able, amid those stormy scenes of the anti-slavery agitation, to rule the mob, was because, before seeking to conquer them, he had already conquered Wendell Phillips. Thus he was the "unagitated agitator." Now I suppose that in the life of our Lord, there is no more striking characteristic than this of quiet, reserved power. We compare him with the world's heroes—Cesar, with Charlemagne, with Alexander, with Napoleon. Their great deeds seemed to be the result of great endeavor; and as we see them out of breath, touching at last the pinnacle of fame, we say: "These are the men who struggled up from below." But His mighty works are always done with composure, as though they were commonplace things—the chance grain spilling out of a too full measure. And we stand in silent worship, thinking "What might He not do if He chose?" Of Him we say: "This is He that cometh down from above!"

And it is an old trick of the world to crucify this kind of power. If its whole existence were aimed at dazzling miracles, one astonishment piling upon another, then they would give it a throe and shout, "Long live the King!" But the world's surface test of power is the startling effects, the theatrical blue lights, the miracles which he performs. Otherwise he is only a commonphace person, a nobody, a man who charges men that they shall not make him known. To-day I speak in behalf of the world's nobodies; the men and women who do not astonish any one; who, following the Master, just live their quiet lives, and then fall asleep, leaving behind them somehow strength and sunlight, though men scarcely know how they did it, and never appreciate them till after they are gone. I speak in behalf of them who, like John, do no miracles. "The possible glory of obscure lives!"—this shall be my theme.

True, we all inherit from our parents certain traits along with certain features, just as naturalists are known by their separate characteristics. But, when it comes to parents it's infinitely safer for the future that they may be made rather than "born parents." The dear, little brown or blue eyed baby that looks up into the mother's face from "Cup of its life and couch of its rest," is simply so much clay in the potter's hand to be molded as she wills. How, then, dare the untrained girl take upon herself the glory of motherhood, the teaching by example by precept a young being so immature that you hourly see yourself reflected in its capers, and your husband or his family in its naughtiness, while the young husband is just as sure to see the reflex of the wife's peculiarities. Indeed, you should both see reflected your own ignorance, waywardness, impetuosity, selfishness and peppy tempers, and deal very gently and wisely at this reflection of ourselves, learning from your child lessons you should have mastered before he came. If every girl could take a course in some school for small children, after a wise mother's careful training, maybe then our young girls would have less cause to call for the training of parents.

The old story! We never see that which is great where God would have us look for it, in that which is familiar, the commonplace; that which is just around us, in our street or in our home or in our little lives. Even the heavens look grander when we go to Europe to see them, and we never cease talking about Italian skies and the moon of Venice. We seldom think that the old mother, with her hands all wrinkled, is as great as the Queen of England, but she is. We seldom think that the old farmer, with bronzed face and horny arms, who has brought up a whole family for God, is as great as Bismarck, but he is.

And thus He was rejected, as you may be. "Who is He?" A nobody. Only a carpenter's son, after all. His very brethren believe not on Him. And He claims to be a prophet! We will drive him out of the city.

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For Jesus teaches us that, laying aside all other tests, tearing them off as we would the husk from the corn, we reach the very kernel of the truth, and life's success must consist, not in miracles, but in "Lo here, or lo there," but in faithfulness.

Dannecker, the famous German sculptor, worked for two years on the marble statue of Jesus Christ. Then he thought it was finished; but calling his little girl into his studio, he asked her: "A great man?" And the artist turned away disheartened. He had failed—for the real Christ would surely be recognized by the pure spirit of the Divinity.

He had been inspired—that in his solitary vigils he had seen the Christ, and had transferred to marble the image revealed to his own heart. When, in after years, Napoleon requested him to make a statue of Venus for the gallery of the Louvre, he answered: "No; a man who has seen Christ would commit sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a pagan goddess. My art is henceforth a consecrated thing."

My friends, we can find no grander work than the reproduction in this world

TRICKED INTO MARRIAGE

Disagreeable Experience of a Pretty Girl in California.

A Theatrical Man's Joke That Has Resulted All Too Seriously—Appeal to the Courts for an Amendment.

A complaint filed with the county clerk in San Francisco furnishes evidence that some men have peculiar notions as to what constitutes a joke. In this case the funny man stands an excellent chance of being soundly castigated by some male relative of his victim who is a young lady whom the joker tricked into marriage. Miss Inez Mercer, a young New York girl, was traveling through Oregon in May last with her parents. The journey was of the dawdling variety, the tourists having means and time at their disposal, and a rather lengthy stay was made at Portland. There Miss Mercer's talent as an amateur actress became known and some society people induced the young New Yorker to take part in a play which was to be performed in aid of charity. The affair was placed in the hands of one R. E. Westcott, who had experience in such matters, and during rehearsals which preceded the performance it was noticed by other members of the company that he paid a great deal of attention to Miss Mercer. The young lady neither encouraged nor repelled, feeling no interest whatever in the man.

After the standard play, which formed the greater part of the evening's entertainment had been performed the performance concluded with a farce, which was specially written and produced for the occasion by Westcott. In that farce a marriage ceremony was to take place between the hero and heroine, played by Westcott and Miss Mercer, respectively. So, under the impression that the whole affair was purely farcical, Miss Mercer went through the marriage ceremony on the stage with Westcott. This occurred on May 24 last and on September 15 Miss Mercer learned for the first time that it was no farce, but a genuine binding ceremony that took place between herself and Westcott. The latter had a marriage license in his inside pocket and the nuptial knot was tied by an amateur actor, but a real live cynamann engaged for the purpose.

On learning the facts in the case Miss Mercer's parents at once took steps to annul the marriage, the first step being the filling of complaint with the county clerk at San Francisco, where Westcott at present resides. The latter affects still to regard the whole affair as a joke and says he will interpose no objection to the annulment. Miss Mercer's brother, an athlete of some renown in his circle, says little about the affair beyond expressing a deep conviction that should he ever meet Mr. Westcott the latter will be likely to hear and feel something to his disadvantage.

MOTHER OF THE TRIBE.
White Woman Highly Honored by the
Bancannock Indians.

A very interesting ceremony has just occurred on Fort Hall Indian reservation, Mrs. A. W. Fisher being elected "Bee-Ah," or mother of the tribe. It is said to be only the second time in the history of Indians in which a white woman has been chosen, the other occasion being the election of Mrs. Harriet M. Converse, of New York, as mother of the Six Nations in the Indian territory. All the Bannock chiefs signed their names to the document announcing Mrs. Fisher's election. The woman thus chosen is the wife of a former Indian agent, and there is a very interesting story connected with the matter. The new agent, Mr. Teter, has been very jealous of the influence of the Fishers, and at one time Mrs. Fisher was arrested by the United States authorities for alleged instigation of Indians against the authorities. That was a few months ago. Later Agent Teter posted a notice warning the Fishers and all members of their family against appearing on the reservation, this being done under an old law permitting agents to exclude persons thought to be detrimental to the interests of the Indians. The act of the Bannocks in choosing Mrs. Fisher as mother of the tribe seems to completely vindicate her. Her position entitles her to sit in all councils of the chiefs.

Fashionable Clocks.

The fashionable clock has a Dresden case, or Delft, while those of cynx and gold of dark colored marble are for the present out of fashion. Every house keeps the latter, for there are persons of conservative tastes who like their heavy, gloomy richness, and will have no other. There is, however, Dresden and Dresden, and Delft. The real Dresden clocks with cases of royal and blue gold, and beautiful little Watteau paintings on the face under the dial, make lovely drawing-room mantel clocks; those of white glass, with modest and not over-choice flower decorations are liked best. Other medium-priced clocks, a few of which are of iron, though they are in outline, are of iron, imitating the expensive marble clocks. Many of the iron clocks are too garish with heavy, clumsy decorations of gilt. Very small clocks for bedrooms or the boudoir writing desk are of French gilt, and cost only two dollars and fifty cents or three dollars. One, of course, to take the works of all low-priced clocks on faith, but they are often very satisfactory timekeepers for a number of years.—N. Y. Evening Post.

DO NOT TAKE ANY SUBSTITUTE WHEN YOU ASK FOR THE ONE TRUE BLOOD PURIFIER,

Hood's Saraparilla. Inistian upon Hood's and only Hood's.

Teller: "Nogoodson got off some-

thing last night that pleased everybody."

Askins: "H'm! What was it?"

Teller: "The earth; he died."

A cup of muddy coffee is not wholesome, neither is a bottle of muddy medicine. One way to know a reliable and skilfully prepared blood-purifier is by its freedom from sediment. Ayer's Saraparilla is always bright and sparkling, because it is an extract and not a decoction.

If a seedling shows marked value it receives the society's certificate; if less meritorious it may be recommended for further trial, or condemned as valueless for cultivation. In any case, the merit of the variety is settled by the society's dictum. Introducers of new sorts are also expected to register the names of their debutantes with the Chrysanthemum Society to prevent duplicate titles.

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Frank R. Stockton is a writer as well as

her famous husband. She has written

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Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
Badger & Manley,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1895.

TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER, our Agent, is now calling
upon our subscribers in Somerset county:Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Aroostook county:Plucky Venezuela says she proposes
to fight for her rights, having the guns
and money to do it with. And Mr. John
Bull must keep his hands off.No church or religious society in the
State is so active in temperance work
as the Catholic church. This was demon-
strated at the recent meeting in Bangor
of the Maine Catholic Temperance
Societies that insist upon total absti-
nence as the leading plank in their plat-
form.In a letter received from Mrs. S. T.
Picard of Portland, niece of the poet
Whittier, who owns the homestead at
Amesbury, Mass., the writer states that
the house will not be sold to be used as
a public memorial building, unless the
town or some reliable association is the
purchaser. It must also be kept intact,
as Whittier left it.The missionaries of the American
Board, for whose protection the United
States cruiser Minneapolis is ordered to
Smyrna, are those of the Western Turkey
mission. Among them are: Miss Laura
T. Farham, Newcastle, Me.; Rev.
Joseph K. Greene, D. D., Lewiston, Me.;
Mrs. Helen M. Herrick, Morristown, N. H.;
Mrs. Fannie M. Newell, Portsmouth,
N. H.Bank Examiner Timberlake has con-
tinued the suspension of the license of
the Granite State Provident Association
to do new business in this State for the
further term of 90 days, and the associa-
tion has agreed to observe the terms of
the agreement as it has in the last 60
days. The reason why the matter has
not finally been disposed of is the large
amount of work that the bank examiner
has had in connection with his regular
duties.Hon. H. O. Stanley, the veteran fish
and game Commissioner, said the other
day: "There has been better sport this
season than ever before, and I think
there are, unquestionably, more deer to-
day in the State than there are sheep.
The low price of wool has, naturally,
depreciated the raising of sheep, and
many have been killed to satisfy the calls
of the inner man, rather than the needs
of the outer." We notice that one drover
has shipped 5400 sheep and lambs from
Aroostook this fall.The reports from time to time this
fall have come up from the islands on
the coast of Maine, relative to suffering
among the fishermen, are constantly
corroborated by the crews of coasters
and smacks that have occasion to visit
those sea-girt homes. Of many cruel suf-
ferings no one on the mainland has ever
known. But this year the situation in
many places is far worse than ever before.
Many families are living in small, cold
huts, and have but little clothing or
food.President Burleigh, of the B. & A. R.
R., estimates that the potato crop of
Aroostook will be in the neighborhood
of ten million bushels, and that there
will be in the neighborhood of eight mil-
lion bushels to be shipped. The recent
reduction of three cents a bushel in
freight rates means a saving to the county
of \$240,000. Mr. Burleigh believes that
had not been for competition this re-
duction would not have been secured, so
that the county is to that extent the gainer,
and is getting a large percentage
of its railroad investment back.These are days of remarkable progress
in the practice of medicine and surgery
and also of important discoveries in the
field of materia medica. If a new remedy
described at a meeting of New York doc-
tors Monday proves what is claimed for
it, it will be of the greatest value to the
medical profession. It is a combination
of salts—bromide, iodine and chlorine,—
forming a new compound. To this is
added potash and other ingredients, and
the result is a fluid which is said to be
almost miraculous in its effects. The
doctor who described the new remedy
said he had cured five cases of consump-
tion with it, and it has proved equally
efficacious in other diseases. If the fluid
is really as powerful as it is said to be
there is comfort ahead for many suffer-
ers.Some time ago occurred the arrest,
trial and sentence to imprisonment and
hard labor of five Seven Day Adventists
in Tennessee, whose only crime was
that they religiously observed the last
day of the week, instead of the first. They
were worthy, industrious farmers,
who obeyed the commands of God as
they understood them, and every other
ordinance of the State of Tennessee, ex-
cept that which commanded men to re-
frain from labor on Sunday. For ten years
they were persecuted by their fellow
citizens for their obedience to the
dictates of their own consciences, and
these persecutions failing of their
purpose, the law was invoked with the
result already stated. Recently friends
of these men managed to get their case
before a court in another than their own
county, and, after a hearing, the jury,
without leaving their seats, acquitted
them of crime. This ought to, and
probably will, be the last case of that
kind in Tennessee. For its own honor,
the State should now reimburse these
men, who only stood upon their consti-
tutional rights, and who endured perse-
cution for conscience sake.

AT THE HOME BOARD.

To-day, all over the land, there will be
a flocking to the old homestead, to
celebrate with the old-time ardor and
enthusiasm the old but always new festi-
val of Thanksgiving. What a host of
memories cluster around this little word,
as the years roll around—some pleasant,
others sad. There are the annual re-
unions of separated families returning to
the old home, to gather up the frag-
ments of incidents transpiring during
the year, and to recount all the blea-
tings with thankful hearts.

On this day many hearts are filled
with joy and gladness; benevolence
beams in every countenance; charity
reaps an abundant reward in the per-
formance of kindness and love, which
steals through the heart like the perfume
of the alabaster box of old
blessings and cheer all.

The aged, whose faltering footsteps
are bearing them down the western
decadence of life, feel that it is a day to
cheer and bless, and to unite more
firmly the hearts and affections of dear
children that were reared under the
same roof. To those in their youthful
days it is looked forward to as a day
of enjoyment and mirth, a holiday,
indeed.

We are all prone to be unthankful for
the blessings that have been showered
upon us by the bountiful hand of our
Heavenly Father. If we are only to
celebrate on this day the blessings which
we have enjoyed, the material welfare
experienced, then is the chief significa-
nce of the occasion lost. Our Puritan
ancestors, who brought with them the
day and its celebration across a wide
and tempestuous sea, into a savage and
unknown land, celebrated Thanksgiving
not as an occasion of rejoicing for the
prosperity which had attended them.
In every misfortune, every disaster, they
saw the hand of the Lord, and to them
Thanksgiving was an occasion when
thankful hearts were to be returned that
the hand of the Father had been no
more heavily laid upon them. Though
their numbers had been decimated by
famine, by savages, and the hardships
incident to a new and unaccustomed life
in a wilderness, they felt that the good
had outweighed the bad, and that even
in their adversity the mercy of Prov-
idence had been extended to them.

No matter what our lot may be, there
is something in Thanksgiving for all,
and it should be celebrated by each and
every one of us. Bad as the times have
been, grievous as are the misfortunes
that have befallen us, they might have
been far worse; and if from them the
lessons of faith and hope and charity
have been deduced, then indeed the day
may be fitly celebrated. To feel miser-
able in the midst of tribulation may
be natural to mankind, but it is not in
accordance with the spirit of Thanks-
giving, nor of the highest religious
teaching. Let the people cease from
brooding over their misfortunes, and
rejoice that the good times are coming,
and are indeed here. Those who cele-
brate Thanksgiving in this spirit will
act in accordance with the spirit of its
originators and with the teachings of
the Scriptures.

Probate and Insolvency Blanks.

Last week Judge Peabody of Cumber-
land and County and Judge Stevens of Ken-
nebec appeared before the Governor and
Executive Council, to make a report of
the doings of the commission created by
the legislature at its last session, to pre-
pare uniform blanks and rules of pro-
cedure, for use in the Probate and In-
solvency courts. Heretofore each court
had its own set of blanks and rules
of procedure, a state of things obviously
not the best. The report showed the
method of blanks which had been de-
vised, with other matters pertaining to
the commission. The results of the
work of the commission are represented
by two large volumes, and one small
book. In one of the large volumes,
making 470 pages, are printed the 173
forms of blanks for probate practice,
agreed upon by the commissioners. The
second volume is not so large, making
204 pages, in which are 70 blanks of
the insolvency practice.

Death of Col. James W. Welch.
Col. James W. Welch of this city died
in New York City, Saturday morning, of
apoplexy. He had been ill a few days,
but was able to be at his place of busi-
ness the day before. Those who cele-
brate Thanksgiving in this spirit will
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Probate and Insolvency Blanks.

The future course of Aroostook farmers
needs to be more conservative all
around. They need to bring their farm-
ing operations nearer to the basis of a
safe and legitimate business. No one
will venture the assertion that the past
year has been of this character, for the
abandonment of dairying, raising of
grain, pork and other meats, and the
planting of potatoes in tracts of fifty to
a hundred acres, manured by phosphate,
is merely in the line of almost crazy
hazard and speculation. Let Aroostook
farmers turn over a new leaf, and while
they let potatoes still head the list of crops,
let them write down other crops to be
raised, and other branches of hus-
bandry in due proportion."

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act

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

JOHN FROST, ESQ.

BY E. J. PERLEY.

Mr. John Frost (better known as Jack), Went North last spring, and is just getting back.
He has written Mother Earth a long, long letter.
On the whitest, glimmering, shimmering paper.

He says he grew tired of his dreary life,
And has married the dearest little wife.
"She's a dainty, airy, fair creature,
Charming in manner, form and feature.

"She's the North King's youngest child," writes he,

"And her father's pet; as you well may see;

"In her earliest arms she was always clad,
And her laces, the finest that can be had.

"The loveliest gems from ocean and mine
Flash and glitter and gleam and shine
Midst her dainty robes, and her head so fair
Wears a crown of jewels rich and rare.

"But outward beauty of form and face
And richest raiment, and airy grace,
Are as nothing compared to her love-lit eye
And her heart, warm with sweetest sympathy.

"She's a 'helpmeet,' indeed, as a wife should be,
And loves to share my work with me.
Be it raining or hailing, snowing or blowing,
Where duty calls me, she insists upon going.

"People call me cruel and heartless, too,
But my heart oft' aches at the work I do.
Yet I am commissioned by God above,
Who always deals with His creatures in love.

"When summer has gone, and winds blow
chill,
When the Snow King rages on mountain and hill,
I am sent to lay the sweet flowers to rest
Close to dear Mother Nature's breast.

"When I touch them, they shudder with hor-
ror and dread.

And droop so sadly each little head.
I hold them up as well as I can,
But you see I am only a great, clumsy man.

"Then comes Mrs. Frost, with her dear, sweet
face,
And wraps them warm in her ermine and lace,
And gently soothes and lulps them to rest,
And lays them on dear Mother Nature's
breast.

"Again, when the work is heavy and drear,
She's at my side with her words of cheer.
When I bridge a river with solid ice,
She's sure to fling o'er it some quaint device.

"For she's a real artist, you understand,
With delicate brushes ever at hand.
And my rudest work she clothes with grace,
As a smile makes charming the plainest face.

"When I indulge in a little fun,
And pinch a man's nose to make him run,
She throws diamond dust on his whiskers, too
To make amends for the harm I do.

"When I break a few dishes for careless folk,
Which I call simply, a very good joke,
With solid pearl she fills each crack.
As soon as I have turned my back.

"But the way in which she spends her leisure
Is what give people the greatest pleasure.
Her paintings on glass for the children dear,
Are renowned for their beauty far and near.

"There are portraits, and landscapes and
views marine,
There's a fleshy picture and tanglewood
scene,
But her loveliest painting, 'twixt you and me,
Is the spot up North, where she first met me.

"Now, Mother Earth, I must close my letter,
Grant me one favor, and I'm your debtor.
Will you please call me, when I come back,
John Frost, Esq. Oh, don't call me Jack."

So writes Mr. Frost, and he'll soon be here,
For they say he'll have lots to do this year.
But 'twill add new joy to a winter's life
To watch the work of his pretty wife.

TO DIE IS GAIN.

BY THE LATE REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

To feel the mild, delicious clime,
Where summer never fades;

To breathe the glorious atmosphere,
Which sickness never invades;

To reach at last that happy land
Where trees are never known;

To see the wondrous face of Him
Who sits upon the throne;

All the great souls of all the years,
In Heaven's high courts to meet;

All kindred spirits, glorified,
To join in converse sweet;

To burst the chrysalis, and soar
On love's triumphant wing;

To swell the hymns of mighty praise,
The ransomed armies sing;

To wear the robes of saints in light;
To shine as shines the sun;

To hear the Savior's welcome voice
Pronounces the glad "well done!"

And, oh, the crowning height of bliss,
Where all the glories blend,

To know the bliss, the light, the love,
Never, never end!

Beyond the shades of sin and woe,
With joyful speed to fly,

And in God's loving arms to rest,
Oh, it is gain to die.

Our Story Teller.

IN GOLD TIME.

BY ROBERTA LITTLEHALE.

He was straight, and grizzled, and
keen of eye. He had worked, and
fought, and gambled his way through
the lawlessness and passion of the
state's early life into the decency and up-
rightness of a successful contractor.

His name was Bill Bowen.

As a civil engineer, I came more or
less in contact with him, and rejoiced
in the largeness of his mental mold, as
well as in the business sense of security
he let me enjoy.

One summer's night we took a drive
to a distant town on the San Joaquin
River. We were to look at stone for a
bridge building, and the blistering heat
of the day made us willing to lose our
sleep for the more comfortable travel-
ing by starlight.

The horses jogged haltingly through the
coarse, thick dust on the river's levee,
and the insects from the grain fields
and the frogs from the sloughs had
things wholly to themselves until Bill
suddenly interrupted:

"Mrs. Chase is pretty enough yet to
understand why she sent two fellows to
the devil, isn't she?"

"What are you talking about?" I an-
swered.

"Oh," said Bill, pulling himself up, "I
forgot you didn't struggle with the rest
of us through those groggy days."

I knew Bill well enough to let him re-
lapse just so many minutes; then I said:

"Judge Chase's wife is lovelier at sixty
than most girls at sixteen, but I hadn't
any idea she figured so romantically in
the early days as to send anybody over-
board."

"Eh'm," replied Bill, reflectively.

The horses traveled on without at-
tention, and I waited in patience.

"You know what it was like," he
began at last. "Men with guns from all
over the union and gold the heaven we
sweated for. Prayers, and court, and

the gambling tables all running under
one roof, and many a woman's face show-
ing up in the mass to give us courage. To
be sure, there were vixenish ribs o'
Satan who robbed, and killed, and
drank with the worst of us; but until
'51 we'd never the woman for reverence.
Then, by degrees, the lawyers and a
stray merchant or two aired their
families, but things wasn't dizzy till
pretty Grace Blanchard got out with
her father.

"Understand, she carried herself as
she'd ought to; but, understand, there
was men among us as was born and
bred to live with blood. The mass of us
had to take out our satisfaction in
looking at her; but for two the favor
in old Blanchard's eyes was easy read-
ing, and it wan't long seeing the
course the straw took.

"None Emory was a long, lean, blond
fellow, with a blained fine face and a
way that made friends of the toughest.
They said he looked a swell when he called at
the Blanchard's, but I never saw him
but like the rest of us—red-shirted and
overalled, and an angel to his pistol
that made him a joy.

"George Stokes—"Shorty," we called
him—was a man with an answer that
ripped like a knife and a head that
made success of everything, because it
could work crooked as well as straight.
He'd been on the bench, but he'd located
a vein at Mariposa, and was overseeing
up there in '52. Naturally, he lost op-
portunities, not being right on the spot,
and the danger began.

"The Blanchard house was swelled
larger than most of the cabins, and had
two long windows that opened onto a
porch. Things might never have been
so bad but for those two lidless eyes
in front.

"One fatal night Shorty Stokes rode
into the settlement—but I am getting
ahead of affairs."

"Bill tossed his cigar into the tulies,
and hurried the horses into effort as
the interest of his reminiscence swept
him on.

"The girl carried herself after the
fashion of high steppers, and neither
fellow could swear where he stood. It
was laughter and spirit for both of
them, they said, and nip and tuck for
the yielding. The pace was the sort
that exhausts men, and Shorty's brain
for lawyering cooked up a scheme for
his rescue. He was for their going to-
gether some night before her, and, after
a formal marriage proposal, each argued
his claim and fitness for ten minutes
by the clock, their honor at stake to
stand by her decision.

"It got about afterwards that Emory
wouldn't consent until he saw the
devil to pay in Shorty's earnestness,
and they swore with their fists in each
other's to carry the thing through to
the finish. The date and hour were
arranged for the following Sunday
night at eight, and they drank to go.

"When the evening came the clock
had already struck eight when Stokes
reached the Blanchard house.

"The lights from the room fell on
the porch, and from the shadow of the
steps he saw the something that al-
most made him cower—Emory's brain
with the glow of a man came up from
the roadside. I found an over-
loaded mimer, hurt in the leg, and the
hope in my own heart aroused my sym-
pathy. I mounted the man on my beast
and headed him back toward camp.

"Walking as I never walked, I reached
the meeting place three minutes late.
Ah—God—out in the darkness I saw
Emory taking advantage of the delay."

"None of you is so much a cur as to
let the life run in a man who, under his
honor, couldn't yield a rival three min-
utes' grace."

"But, with the camp against me and
I'm sorry to say, the friend against
me, I could not stand by him."

"Remember?" her voice thrills with
such strong, hidden emotion, "as if I
should ever forget—the" She checks
herself hurriedly.

"And now you are married!" he re-
marks, irrelevantly. "I was a coward
then."

"A coward—why?" She disregards
his first remark.

"Why?" he asks, fiercely, "because I
was afraid to speak—because I knew a
brilliant alliance."

"She stops him with a sudden, impun-
derable gesture, her eyes blazing with
a passionate light.

"Silence! You malign me. I never
sought this 'brilliant alliance.' (Scorn-
fully.) "What has it brought me, but—"
She breaks off abruptly, and, with a sudden movement, pulls back her loose-hanging sleeve, revealing an ugly, livid bruise on the fair white arm; then, with a bitter smile, she lets the sleeve fall again, and turns toward the window. He starts to his feet, his hands clasped in front of his face with passion.

"Ruth," he cries, seizing her hands in his, "it was all a horrible mistake; my cowardice has brought you to this. My darling, you love me?"

"She does not move; a silver rump runs
through her—a shiver of mortal agony.

"Ruth, speak! Tell me you love me!"

"You hurt me," she says, faintly,
striving to free herself from his firm
grasp. She raises her agonized eyes to his,
and then she is clasped in his arms.

For instant she lies passive, then
she rises with a sudden force of will.

"Leave me," she says, unsteadily;
why do you come, now that it is too
late? You must go. Good-by." She
holds out her hand in dismissal and fare-
well.

His passion completely overmasters
him as he looks upon her, pale and sor-
row stricken.

"I will not go," he cries, vehemently;
"Ruth, you do not, you cannot mean it.
For your own sake—"

"For my own sake and yours, go—"

And then he knows that all is ended.
With one areswell look he leaves her, while
she sinks wearily into her chair, a dull,
aching pain tearing at her heartstrings.

MONPLACE TRAGEDY.

L

The sun shone high in the blue
heavens; the soft, fragrant air, heavy
with the scent of roses and carnations,
stirred the creepers on the low, white
house, sighing faintly through the
trees at the bottom of the velvety
terraced lawns which sloped down to
the edge of the miniature lake, shin-
mering in the hot July sunshine.

Through the trees walked stiffly a tall,
broad-shouldered specimen of the
stronger sex, with long, military
stride, whistling carelessly as he skirted
the lake and disappeared into the
tangled wood path.

"Then out of the crowd, unconscious,
with the music of love in his heart,
swung Ned Emory. His hat was pushed
back on his fair hair, and he was whistling
the balmy balmy of a few minutes' grace."

"The Black Cat."

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FAMILY MEDICINE**
She Has Ever Known. Words of a New York Lady for
AYER'S PILLS

"I would like to add my testimony to that of others who have used Ayer's Pills, and to say that I have taken them for many years, and always derived the best results from their use. For stomach and liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equalled.



When my friends ask me what is the best remedy for disorders of the stomach, liver, or bowels, my invariable answer is, Ayer's Pills. Taken in doses, they will break up a cold, prevent a gripe, check fever, and regulate the digestive organs. They are easy to take, and are, indeed, the best all-round family medicine I have ever known."

Mrs. MAY JOHNSON, 368 Elder Avenue, New York City.

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Honors at World's Fair.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Cures all Blood Disorders.

FOR BOSTON!



Tuesday, Oct. 1.

Steamer DELLA COLLINS will leave August 1st at 1 P.M., and Hallowell 1.30 connecting with the new and elegant Steamer

KENNEBEC

Which leaves Gardiner at 3, Richmond 4, and Bath at 4 P.M., Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Arriving, will leave Boston, Monday,

Wednesday and Friday evenings at 5 o'clock.

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